

# DEMOCRATIC BANNER.

MINOR & MURRAY, Editors.

"If thou hast truth to utter, Speak! and leave the rest to God."—GALLAHUE.

S. F. Murray, Proprietor.

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## THE BANNER.

### NATIVE AMERICANISM, AND LAWHEAD, ITS ITINERANT PREACHER.

This man, *Lawhead*, recently visited Lincoln county for the purpose of enlightening its benighted citizens upon the all-important question of Native Americanism. He professed to have received his call to preach from the Native American association of St. Louis; and to have been hired and authorized by them to spread far and wide, over our broad and beautiful State, their peculiar liberal and philanthropic notions. But in justice to the intelligence of that party, we think there must have been some mistake in the call. He surely cannot be the organ selected for the dissemination of their doctrines. An intelligent association never would have chosen one so entirely destitute of all information and of all decency of expression, to publish to the world their peculiar principles. We feel assured that they would not be willing that an intelligent community should judge them by their agent sent amongst us; and we have certainly more charity than to think that they would send such an ignorant to preach even to the most ignorant; for it would be "the blind leading the blind," and they would certainly "all fall into the ditch together."

With the greatest earnestness this *Lawhead* declared that Germany contained eighty millions of inhabitants—that she annually sent into our country, at least, one million of her poor degraded and thieving population, for the avowed purpose of overturning our institutions, and destroying our government—that this nightly influx was annually poured out from the cells and dungeons of Germany, like a swarm from a gnat bee hive, to blacken our country with immorality and crime—that they were not only low and degraded, but dishonest, and that they paid no more regard to their oaths than spit out of their mouths—that they knew no other than selfish feelings; and if they could make by swearing, they always swore to the best advantage; consequently a St. Louis jury was never known to pay attention to a Dutchman's oath, without corroborating testimony.

But not satisfied with libelling the characters of the men, he descended to the most coarse and vulgar abuse of the females; said that they were not only base, degraded and dishonest, but prostituted to the lowest crimes; they knew not virtue.

These were his declarations publicly made from the rostrum, and we are informed by those who heard him, that, in his street conversation, he declared that he did not believe that there was a Dutchman in St. Louis, high or low, no matter what his vocation, who would not steal. We say again that we can scarcely believe that this man was sent out by the St. Louis Native association, to deal out such wholesale slanders upon any people. We cannot think that they would send forth, as an advocate of their principles, a man who was either so ignorant or who had so little regard for the truth as to declare before an intelligent audience, that the German immigration to this country is a million annually, when it is known to all that the whole increase of our population, native born added to the German and every other foreign immigration together, is scarcely a million. That Germany itself contained eighty millions, when we know that Austria, Prussia, Holland, Belgium, and all the little confederated states together, inhabited by the Dutch, scarcely contain so great a population, which is about equal to one third of the population of all Europe. That the

Gauls under one *Aligol*, (a name which we never heard of, in Lincoln before,) an adopted citizen of Rome, overthrew the Roman Empire, sacked Rome, and slew the Senate—hence we should fear these treacherous Germans, the descendants of those same Gauls, when every school boy knows that ancient Gaul is now inhabited by the French. That we were in danger of being outnumbered by the foreign vote, when every man, of any information, knows that the proportion which the votes of adopted citizens bear to those of American birth, is not greater than three to a hundred. That Germany had yet sixty millions of people to spare, who would soon flood our whole country, elbow us off of our wide spread prairies, and in ten years compel us to fight for our homes and our liberties,—when the whole population of Germany does not exceed sixty millions, and our territory between this and the Rocky Mountains, alone, could sustain a greater population than she could spare.

But the Dutch were not the only people who suffered from his vituperative tongue. Messrs. Barnard, Pratte, and Luther Kennet received their full share of cold blooded abuse. Traitor, truckling, dishonest politician, and other degrading epithets were showered, in rich profusion, on their heads. Mr. Pratte had sold himself to the Dutch, and was now fulfilling his contract by placing Dutch men in all the best municipal offices in the city. But it was really astonishing to hear the hard hearted old fellow laud himself for the unmerciful blows which he dealt Mr. Kennet in his indignation meetings, till he even trod "tears" from his eyes. But notwithstanding his "penitence," his "tears," and his "pledges," Kennet is a doomed man—he can never rise again—for *Lawhead* has passed sentence upon him.

Between this man *Lawhead*, Mr. Kennet, Mr. Pratte and the Dutch, we have nothing further to say. We shall leave them to fight their own battles.—But we shall not pass unnoticed, his gross slanders and foul libels upon the characters of the patriots and heroes of the revolution. By garbled extracts and base fabrications, this *Lawhead* endeavored to persuade the good people of Lincoln that Washington, Jefferson, and Madison were nativists in feeling, and entirely opposed to foreigners migrating to this country. If the ghosts of these great and good men could but rise from the grave, what a frowning rebuke would they give to this defamer of their characters.

Jefferson was the author of the immortal Declaration of Independence.—In that, when summing up our causes of complaint against the British king, he says:

"He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the laws for the naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands."

It was the odium that attached itself to the alien and sedition laws which, more than any thing else, contributed to defeat Adams, elevate Jefferson, and to give the first great triumph to liberal principles. Jefferson's whole history is replete with the most unbounded liberality towards the oppressed of all governments, of all creeds and religions. Universal toleration was the great governing principle in his policy.

In the convention of 1787 Mr. Madison said:

"He wished to maintain the character of LIBERTY which had been professed in all the constitutions and publications of America. He wished to invite foreigners of merit and republican principles among us. America was indebted to emigration for her settlement and prosperity. That part of America which had encouraged them most had advanced most rapidly in population, agriculture and the arts. There was a possible danger, he admitted, that men with foreign predilections might obtain appointments, but it was by no means probable that it would happen in any dangerous degree. For the same reason that they would be attached to their native country, our own people would prefer natives of this country to them. Experience proved this to be the case.

Instances were rare of a foreigner being elected by the people within any short space after his coming among us. If bribery was to be practiced by foreign powers, it would not be attempted among the electors, but among the elected, and among natives having full confidence of the people, not among strangers who would be regarded with a jealous eye.

In 1783, after the peace, Washington said:

"The bosom of America is open to receive not only the opulent and respectable stranger, but the oppressed and persecuted of all nations and religions, whom we shall welcome to a participation in all our rights and privileges."

What a broad, expanded, liberal and philanthropic policy is here manifested by these illustrious men! How strikingly does it contrast with those narrow, selfish, illiberal prejudices and feelings attempted to be palmed upon them by the Nativists of this day! When will designing men cease to pervert the characters of the great and the good for their own sinister purposes? But says *Lawhead* the father of his country sent up his last prayer to heaven "to deliver us from foreign influence."—aye! and so he did, but not from the influence of adopted citizens. The influence which he dreaded was that which the aristocracy of Europe might exert over the *independent* of our country. The influence which makes a certain class of American editors ever ready to side with foreign governments against the action of our own. The influence by which every British aristocrat, no matter how unprincipled, draws along in his train thousands of American sycophants. The influence which is exerted over that class of people who say every thing that is foreign, while they turn up their noses at every thing that is American, as something that is *plebian*. That is the influence from which Washington prayed Heaven to deliver us, and *we* will be might.

But this organ of the Nativists says, that it is recorded in the history of America, that Washington declared, that of all the distinguished foreigners who fought in the revolution, Lafayette alone could be trusted because he alone fought for a love of liberty." This is a double calumny. A calumny upon Washington, as well as upon those illustrious foreigners who battled side by side with the patriots of the revolution for our independence. What other motive than a love of liberty impelled a Kosciuszko, a Pulaski, a Warren, a Gates, a Lee, a Steuben and a Dekalb? What but a sympathy which they felt in freedom's holy cause made them rally around the standard of the oppressed? They breathed not a wish but for freedom's cause, while every pulse beat quick and strong at the inspiring name of liberty. More gallant heroes never flourished. Braver men never marched to a battle field. The blood of a Warren hallowed Bunker's Hill, the brightest monument of our fame, while the body of a Dekalb reposes in the bosom of Carolina, the great battle-field of the revolution. Let not the foul breath of slander sully their bright fame! Let them repose in peace.

If the spirits of a Warren and a Dekalb could again be called into this world how would they be pained to see a portion of the American people endeavoring to prohibit their countrymen, their friends and kindred from the enjoyment of those very privileges for which they poured out their fortunes, their blood and their lives. Shame upon the ingratitude! Shame upon the exclusive selfishness of the Nativists! We would speak more fully of the utter selfishness, the utter heartlessness of this exclusive action, but for our want of room.—At another time we will say more about the selfishness of this self-styled

disinterested party. We will now simply say to the Nativists of St. Louis that if as *Lawhead* said, they wished to create an excitement to operate upon the Convention to amend the constitution of our State; if as he said, they expected by sending him amongst us to raise an excitement, and thereby cause our delegates to that body to act in concert with their four delegates, there.—They have sent the wrong man to the wrong corner of the State. And if their other ambassadors to other sections of the State should be as unsuccessful, then their four delegates will have to go it alone, without company and without sympathy.

## DEATH AND SUICIDE.

We are informed by our exchange papers in Illinois that Scholyer Strong, a distinguished member of the Springfield bar, put an end to his existence a few days since in Springfield. No cause, whatever, assigned for the deed. That everlasting lie, mental insanity, is not put in, in this case, to excuse the pitiable deed of this wretched man. How long will it be before the world learns to construe aright the actions of man! How long before it will cease that eternal cry of insanity over the grave of the feeble! He was doubtless miserable and wretched; his life had become an agonizing burden to him; and he has only showed to the world how the bold heart and the free spirit may rid itself of its earthly fetters. "Requiescat in pace."

From the Saturday Courier.

## DESTRUCTIVE FIRES.

### SUGAR HOUSE BURNED.

Since our last paper our city has been visited by several calamitous fires, believed to have been caused by the torch of the incendiary.—Early on Sunday morning flames were discovered issuing from the lower story of the extensive sugar Refinery of Messrs. Roudt & Canet, back of the Mount Vernon House, North Second street, above Arch, which, together with the machinery, fixtures, moulds, sugars, &c., was rapidly reduced to a heap of ruins.—The activity of the firemen confined the destruction to the original building; where was experienced a loss of about \$32,000; more than two-thirds of which was covered by insurance. A TERRIFIC CONFLAGRATION

While the above fire was still raging, the alarm bell changed to the west, and a bright glare in that direction drew the fire out as far as Broad street, between Arch and Race, where was spreading one of the most destructive conflagrations we have experienced for many years.

It had originated in a frame stable attached to a hotel on the west side of Broad street, in which Mr. John Clark kept a number of horses, and notwithstanding the flames spread with rapidity, the whole of the horses were got out with little injury. The fire soon communicated to the immense Forwarding houses of Stry, James & Co., James Steel & Co., and others, filled with flour, whiskey, grain and dry goods. The wind blowing strong at the time from the south and west, the flames spread across Cherry street to the large Forwarding and Commission House of Messrs. Craig, Bellas, & Co., which building, with a quantity of flour, wool, feathers, grain, &c., was destroyed and damaged. The merchants saved their papers, and a portion of their merchandize. The latter firm succeeded in getting out all their cars, some of which were heavily laden with goods for the west.

Several persons who were assisting at the fire were severely injured—among whom were Mr. Peter Osborne, badly crushed.

Charles Heisser, a member of the Columbia Hose company, severely bruised.

Edw. J. Fox, of the city Police, had his shoulder and leg badly hurt.

Wm. Fox, another of the Police, received some very severe bruises.

Jacob Kunz, a member of the globe Engine company, had his right leg and left thigh fractured, besides sustaining other injuries, which will most likely prove fatal.

David Brown had the cap of his knee broken in three places, his shoulder blade broken, and was otherwise hurt.

Rumor told of several persons being crushed to death under the fallen walls, but this happily proved not the case.

The flames extended to some of the neighboring dwellings and seriously injured them; partly destroyed the contents of a board yard, &c. The damages are estimated at from \$60 to \$100,000. Principally insured. No detention will be experienced in the business of the merchants, as on the following morning they had all opened in new quarters, in the immediate vicinity. Hundreds of persons are wandering among the ruins which cover the best part of a square in extent, and are still smoking.

### STABLES AND HORSES BURNED.

About one o'clock on Wednesday morning another destructive fire broke out in a cluster of frame stables, dwellings, and workshops, on Vine street, above 12th; before it could be suppressed, property belonging to or occupied by Michael Oak, Edward Smith, Patrick Hagey, Wm. Bayon, Mrs. Christy, Mrs. Rawlston, Robert Back, John Donnelly, Joseph Futz, Samuel Thomas, Jacob Gloss, Matthew Mathers, and others, was destroyed, including eight fine draft horses.

## THE FATED RIVAL.

### A Thrilling Story.

"This afternoon will seal my earthly felicity; I shall be the happiest man alive!" ejaculated Edmund, on the morning of the day on which he was to lead his Anna to the hymeneal altar.

It was no marvel, though Edmund exulted in the near approach of the hour which was to consummate the nuptials of two of the most devoted lovers the world ever witnessed, for Anna was possessed of every quality, mental and personal, which could be supposed to administer to the bliss of him who was fortunate to be her husband. But, independently of Anna's abstract fascinations, there were circumstances which must of themselves have produced in the breast of Edmund a peculiar attachment to her.

Five suitors had impudently solicited her hand in marriage during her courtship with him; and among these was Melwyn, a neighboring nobleman, high in the esteem of his sovereign. But Edmund, though inferior in station to Melwyn and each of his four other rivals, was unhesitatingly and decidedly preferred to them all. And no less fervent was the affection with which he regarded Anna. His entire existence was bound up in hers, and the world, and life itself, when weighed in the balance with her, were found to be incalculably wanting.

The nuptial morn of the youthful lovers was one of the most congenial and pleasant which ever burst on the world since its creation. It was in the month of April. The superfluous of the earth was beautifully carpeted with new-born grass—the garden, the orchard, the hedge, the plantation, the forest, all smiled in their new coverings. The sun poured forth his beams with more than wonted profusion, tinging the entire creation with an exquisitely yellow radiance—numerable choirs of exulting species of the singing tribe, escorted by the melody of their warbling, additional charms to that bright morn. Nature herself, in fine, seemed on this occasion to be jubilant at the approaching nuptials of a pair who were so worthy of each other.

The vassals of Emerson, Anna's father, exulted without measure at the circumstance of their chief son's only daughter being about to be united to the youth of her choice; and as all were that evening to participate in the ample festivities of the nuptial hall, they attired themselves in the best costume of their clan, and prepared to celebrate the joyous event with all becoming respect for their chieftain and the young bride and bridegroom.

The afternoon arrived, and at the hour of five, the beautiful bride approached the hymeneal altar, accompanied by her maids of honor, and the wives and daughters of the more respectable of her father's vassals.—Edmund was present at the appointed hour, luxuriating in walking dreams of the matchless bliss which

was about to be sealed from henceforth to him. The venerable Abbot of Kinloss, a man who was verging on seventy years of age, and whose countenance eloquently discoursed of his unalloyed piety, stationed himself beside the interesting couple, & before proceeding to go through the matrimonial ceremony, he uttered, with a mingled air of mildness and solemnity, the usual behest of "join hands." The lovers stretched out their respective hands to each other; Anna's was white as the unsmoked snow, while her beautiful countenance was suffused with a deep blush, indicative of her modesty—a blush which, if possible, imparted new fascinations to that unrivalled face.—The reverend Abbot now commenced the marriage ritual. With uplifted hands, and a voice beaming with benignity, he was addressing his orisons to the being in whose service the greater portion of his life had been spent, imploring His special benediction on the youthful pair now standing at the altar, when an arrow from some invisible bow indited itself in his heart. That instant he dropped on the floor, at the feet of the party who were united him. All present were horror-struck at the strange circumstance, and gazed on each other in mute amazement, simultaneously listening at the same time, as if by instinct, in the hope they would hear such sounds in some part of the large hall as would lead them to the discovery of the felon; but the first thing that broke the deathlike momentary silence, that prevailed, was the expiring groans of Heaven's good servant. The bride fainted at the appalling scene; and while the bridegroom was in the act of raising her, Melwyn, attended by a host of minions, suddenly appeared at the portals of the hall, their flaming eyes speaking the deeds of the day which they were intent.

"Save to the protection of Anna!" cried Edmund, and he clenched his dagger in his hand. He banded to revenge himself on his deadly foe, but he could not so forget his feelings of affection for his bride as to quit her to engage in combat with Melwyn. Appalled at the presence of the undaunted intruder, the clansmen of Melwyn's virtual father-in-law rushed to the aid of their chieftain, his daughter, & her bridegroom. The hall was now crowded with tumult, ranged under two great divisions—each vying and prepared to shed the last drop of his blood in the quarrel of their respective chieftains. The conflict now commenced with the utmost fierceness on each side; the clashing of the instruments of death might have been heard far and wide; till at length overpowered by superior numbers, the clansmen of Edmund were almost all strewned on the floor of the hall, either already in the embrace of death, or momentarily expected to be so, from the number and severity of their wounds. Edmund and Emerson defended Anna with a more than mortal dexterity; but Melwyn and his leading vassals at last surrounded them, wrenching their daggers from them, and consequently rendered her further protection beyond the compass of human courage and power.

"Spare the two miscreants!"—re-ferencing to Edmund and Edmund—screamed the two miscreants, that mortification may be their portion," cried Melwyn, addressing himself to his surviving clansmen, as he seized the indignant Anna in his arms, and proceeded with her to the door. A steel was there in waiting, which he brandished, and placing Anna before him, he yelled off with his prize to his own castle, only four miles distant, followed by his vassals.

"Then art now in safe custody, young bride," said he to Anna, as one of his servants shut the ponderous iron gate which fronted his walled castle.

On reaching his mansion, Melwyn led Anna into the most splendid apartment in it, and having placed before her the most delicious refreshments the house could afford, he pressed her to partake of it, but she refused.

Anna was silent.

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